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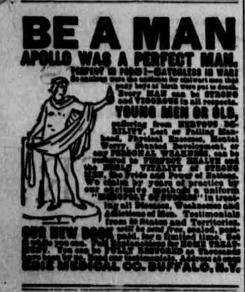
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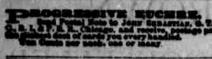


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SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

A New Mexico Adventure-Thrilling Encounter with a Rocky Mountain Lion. How a Remarkable Shot Baved the Lives of a Wife and Children.

[Copyright, 1691, by American Press Associa-tion.]

We were encamped on the west slope of the Sangre de Christo pass of the Rocky mountains a few years after the late war, and Lieutenant Colonel Pfeiffer, of the Sec-ond New Mexico cavalry, and the famous ond New Mexico cavalry, and the famous Kit Carson's second in command, had come up from Fort Garland to tender his cervices to the engineer corps to which I



THE LION HAD LEAPED INTO THE AIR." The gallant old frontiersman accepted

The gallant old frontiersman accepted my offer of hospitality and remained for the night.

With pipes lit and pinon boughs ready for couches we sat about the fire talking about remarkable shots, when Colonel Pfeiffer pointed his pipe in the direction of the Sierra Blanca, whose snowy crest reflected back the starlight like ceaseless flashes of electricity.

"Overthere, and near a little cabin not ten miles from here, I saw a most remarkable shot fired, under circumstances the most thrilling of my life, and as I have been out here hunting and in war for thirty years

here hunting and in war for thirty years you must confess, my friends, that my ex-perience in that way is very large. "Whenever the snow and frost permit it,

which is only for a couple of months in midsummer, the gold diggings over on the alope of the Sierra Blanca and in the little gulches up near the vegetation limit are

very profitable.

"Last year a Mexican miner from Taos built a cabin in a grove up the mountain, brought his wife and three children there. brought his wife and three children there, and then set industriously to work. Your own experience has shown you that it is necessary for every man, civilian as well as soldier, to carry arms in this region—not necessarily for use, as the newspapers say, but for the confidence one has in traveling when he knows they are handy.

"Manuel Cabeza—that is the Mexican's name—was working for a grub stake, provided by myself and General Carson, so one morning I filled my saddlebags with supplies at the Gariand sutler stores and rode up the trail to learn how the man was getting on.

"He was the most industrious Mexican I have ever seen along the Rio Grande, and so I was not surprised to find him hard at work. I staked my horse in a patch of rich grass near the diggings, and at noon Manuel shouldered his rifle and the heavy addlebags and said I must come down to the cabin and take some dinner, and see Nita and the babies. Nita, the wife, was a pretty, dark eyed, affectionate creature, under twenty-five.

"With a Colt in my belt—you see I carry it as I do my hat or boots, for I regard it as the most essential article of dress—and my Henry rifle on my shoulder, I started down the trail after Manuel.

"We could see the smoke that marked the cabin's site rising in a straight blue pillar a few hundred yards away, when suddenly the man came to a stop, turned to me with an ashy face and exclaimed:

"Madre de Dios, senor! El leon!"
"It did not need the pointed hand to tell
me the cause of his alarm. Down the trail
and toward the house, a puma or Rocky
Mountain lion—ah! you have seen one?
Well, this one was a monster; it must
have been nine feet in length, and it moved
on with the sinewy grace that told of its
graal atwanth.

"We cocked our rife; softly, so that the click of the locks might set disturb the terrible brute, but as it would have been madness to fire from the rear, and be lion was not aware of our presence, we fol-

was not aware of our presence, we followed noiselessly.

"I have been in battle and know the ventation of horror that comes to z may when he hears the demoralized cry of the own troops flying to the rear before the more powerful enemy's onset, but even at such times the cold shivers never works me as they did when I heard the shouting and laughter of Manuel's children, right in the lion's path.

"We went on fifty yards more, quicker this time, and a cry that froze my blood assured me that the lion had been discovered by the little ones.

"Now we ran, I whispering the Mexican to keep cool, while I was entirely aware that I was the more demoralized of the two. Another fifty yards brought us with-

that I was the more demoralized of the two. Another fifty yards brought us within sight of the cabin, not a half rifle shot away, and this is what we saw."

Colonel Pfeiffer knocked the ashes from his pipe, and though anything but a nervous man, he rose to his feet, excited by the memories of the thrilling incident he was describing, and pointing down the mountain as if the scene were again being enacted before his eyes, he continued:

"Nits had been preparing dinner at a fire built about twenty feet in front of the cabin, and the pretty black eyed toddlers, looking like bronze cupids in their light attire, had been playing about her, but now they clung to her and buried their frightened faces in her skirt, while she looked speechlessly at the lion.

"The lion, no doubt excited by the cries of the children, had bounded forward and now occupied a position about fifty feet, perhaps less, from the little group, but the mother and children were directly between us and the monater.

"I could see the flary class of the enterty of the country of the capital and the monater." I could see the flary class of the capital capacity of the capaci

"I could see the flery glare of his eyes and the lashing of his tail as he crouched

forward to spring.

"'Don't lose heart, my Nita! Courage; I am near!' called out Manuel, as we made a quick detour to get within reach of the lion without endangering the mother and

her little ones.

"If that monster had been aware of our purpose he could not have frustrated us more successfully. On the inner circle he

placed himself voluntarily beyond the hope of redress. The Englishman had tricked him; and it

is only a few days since the story leaked out through the butler, who heard Mr. Van Cortland bewailing his error to his

One on the General.

Old regular army officers will remember General Magruder as a handsome, gallant fellow, with a tendency to assume airs of

superiority.

An officer who served on Magruder's staff near Yorktown in 1869 delights to tell the following story on his old com-

We had our headquarters at the house of a wealthy widow of strong southern sympathies that induced her to do anything in her power for the boys in gray. One day a gaunt private soldier, with red hair and straw colored whiskers and the dust of a week's march on his face and clothes, stopped at the house and said to the lady: "Madam, I'm most nigh played out with hunger; can I get a bite of dinner here?" "Certainly," was the reply, "but as I am preparing dinner for General Magruder and his staff, and have not room at my table for even one more, you will have to wait for the second table."
"Thank you, ma'am," said the soldier, as he smacked his lips in anticipation of a hearty meal; "'tain't the number of the table I care so much for as the amount of We had our headquarters at the house of

table I care so much for as the amount of

The lady went away, and the soldier took a position near the dining room door, where he could watch the movements of the servants and regale his expanding nos-trils on the odor of the dishes carried past. At length the bell rang, and unable to

General Magruder sat down near the man and scowled at him, but this had no more effect than water on a duck's back. When the lady came to count noses it was found that one of the staff must wait till the second table.

The way that private soldier ate sur-prised even old campaigners. He went at it and kept at it, not as if it were a pleas-ure, but the most serious business of his

When the last course came, and while the unexpected guest was quietly letting out his belt two more holes, the general turned to him with a scowl, and asked: "Sir, have you any idea with whom you are dining!

Without looking up or ceasing in the work of adjusting his belt to meet the de-mands of the dessert, the soldier drawled "Wa-al, no. I uster be mighty partick-ler on that score, but sence this doggon wah began I don't keer a cuss who I cat

with-pervidin the victuals is clean and there's enough to go round."

Magruder had the good sense to join in
the laughter that greeted this sally.

General Bragg was one of the most rigid disciplinarians in either army during what some one has euphoniously called "the re-cent unpleasantness."

When the Confederates retreated from Murfreesboro after the battle of Stone

River, the private soldiers were somewhat demoralized, but not so much so as to lose sight of any little chance to add to the comfort of a march that would have been

trying under any circumstances.

One of these soldiers, a ragged Texan named Bridger, found an old mule in the woods, and extemporizing a halter he mounted the creature and went on with the line, envied by his less fortunate com-

With his long hair, long legs, corncob pipe and air of was a picture that made the weariest and

the hungriest laugh.

While thus working his passage with the loose end of the halter, a company of bestarred and bespangled horsemen—Gen-eral Bragg and his staff—rode up and were about to pass on, when the unusual ap-pearance of the Texan on the mule at-tracted their notice. He, however, did not seem to see or heed them, but smoked on and whacked the mule with an air of care less indifference

less indifference.

With his bushy brows lowering over his flerce, black eyes, General Bragg looked at the man and demanded:

"Who are you, sir?"

Without looking at his questioner, the man freed his mouth from a cloud of smoke, kicked the mule and replied:

"Nobody."

"Where did you come from?" was the

Where did you come from?" was the next question.

"Nowhere."
"Where are you going?"
"Don't know, do you?"
"Where do you belong?"
"Don't belong nowhere."

"Are you sure?"
"Sartin."

"Don't you belong to Bragg's army!"

"Bragg's army! Bragg's army!" grunted
Texan. "W'y, Bragg ain't got no army!
Inchalf of it he shot in Kaintuck jest for yne-half of it he shot in Kaintuck Jest for foragin, and the other half's jest been whipped to death at Murfreesboro."

General Bragg asked no more questions, but turned and spurred away.

A Modest Bequest. We called him "Handsome Dick," but it

would be a great error to infer from this that Lieutenant Fletcher was not as brave a fellow as ever drew a sword. He was quick witted, and his admiration for a pretty woman knew no limit.

In the assault on the Crater before Peters burg, Fletcher, who was one of the first men inside the enemy's works, was desper-ately wounded and carried back.

ately wounded and carried back.

The doctors expected him to die within twenty-four hours, but as he stubbornly persisted in living he was shipped to City Point, and from thence forwarded to a hospital in West Philadelphia.

This hospital was daily visited by numbers of sweet faced, pious Quaker girls, and that their presence did the men good there can be no doubt.

One day a beautiful girl, dressed in sober

One day a beautiful girl, dressed in sober gray and looking like an angel here on a brief visit, was distributing flowers to the wounded men, when, as she neared Fletcher's cot, she heard him cry out impatiently:
"O Lord! this is blanked hard!" Hurrying to his side, to give him flowers and gently to rebuke his profanity. she

"I think I heard thee call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask him for thee?"

One glance at the lovely face and Fletcher replied on the instant:

"Yes; please ask him to make me his son-in-law."

ALFRED R. CALBOUN.

Records the Flight of a Star. An instrument invented at Georgetown college, known as the photochronograph, is said to record with accuracy the time occupied by a star in its transit across the meridian.—New York Journal. TROUBLE WITH THE COOK.

She Made Some Flannel Cakes to Order That Were Flannel Cakes.

"My dear, do you know that my new cook actually used canary seed for a batch of caraway seed cakes day before yester

"No; really?"
"Fact, I assure you."
"Did you ever!"
"She thought I told her to make canary seed cakes, and so she obtained the in-gredient from the bird's supply box."

"How funny! But I have had a more surprising experience than that this very week."

"Do tell me." "It was a misunderstanding in the kitch en not unlike yours. You may remember that I once got from you a receipt for flan-

nel cakes?'

nel cakes?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, James is awfully fond of them, and so are the children. So we have them for breakfast pretty nearly every day."

"So do we—with maple syrup."

"Well, a week ago our cook left and we had to get a substitute in a hurry."

"Our percential martyrdom."
"Precisely. We shall doubtless be sainted for it hereafter. But this one was a terrible creature. She only remained thirty-six hours, but I am really surprised that my hair did not turn gray in that period."
"What did she do?"

"What didn't she do, my dear? But I don't propose to try to rehearse all the distressing incidents of her visitation. On the morning after her arrival we had flan-nel cakes. When I had asked her the night before if she knew how to make them she

resist the temptation, or it may have been in obedience to the profound modesty that is ever so characteristic of the old soldier. "Just as usual."

"Yes, they always do. But as I was about to say, when the first batch of the say. "Yes, they always do. But as I was about to say, when the first batch of cakes appeared on the table James poured sirup over his, sliced them across with his knife and fork, and conveyed a bite to his mouth. So far as their appearance was concerned there was nothing about the cakes to excite suspicion. But as my husband chewed upon the first morsel, I saw a look of surprise come gradually over his face. Presently he held up his napkin, and, taking from his mouth something, proceeded to examine it. I felt alarmed, of course, and inquired what the matter was. In reply he exhibited to me a small oblong piece of what was unmistakably white flannel."

"Goodness me!"
"I summoned the cook. To my surprise, she was not at all abashed. On the contrary, she simply said:

"'Why, mum, yez towld me to bake flannel cakes, and, havin noother material, I was obleeged to cut up a piece of an old petticoat for the purpose.""—Washington Star.

Higger Than New York. I was walking along one day in the mountains and caught up with a moun-

taineer, who accompanied me a mile or more on foot and kept up the talking. He was of an inquiring turn of mind and asked a great many questions. During the con-versation I happened to mention the city of New York.

"I've heern that wuz a mighty big place, cap'n," he said, with a half interrogation.
"Biggest in the United States," I responded.

"Ever been thar?"

"Oh, yes; many times."
"I've heern of Europe too," he went on.
"Yes; that's across the ocean, you

"Well, I didn't jes' know whar it wus, but I've heern tell uv it. Ever been thar? "Yes." "Is it any bigger'n New York?"

I said it was, but didn't try to explain the difference. — Detroit Free Press.

He had asked her to marry him, and was waiting impatiently for her answer. "Will you expect me to keep house?" she finally asked. "No, indeed, my love; the servants will

sttend to all that." "You won't ask me to make the bread or broil beefsteaks?"

"Certainly not, my angel; we will have "And I will not be compelled to pound the washboard?"

"How can you ask such a question? No.

"Then I cannot marry you. I have been brought up to do all those things, and I could not be happy in a life of idleness." When he realized what a treasure he had lost he went sadly to his luxurious home and vowed to remain a bachelor forever.— Detroit Free Press.

He Was Right.

"I want to take the next train to To-ledo," said a lady to the ticket young man at the Michigan Central station.

"You can't do it, madam," he replied, with a subtle smile. "Why not?" she asked, in quick sur-

"Because, madam," and the young man looked solemn, "because we have an engi-neer and conductor to do that, and we don't feel disposed to fill their places with an entire stranger."—Detroit Free Press.

A Safe Profession.

In the life insurance office: The Examiner-May I ask why you expect to be insured at half the usual rates for one of your age?
The Applicant—Because of the absolute

safety of my calling. The Applicant—I am a French duelist.

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Idea!

She—I want to get a piece of ribbon that can be nicely tied into a bow. Clerk-Yes, madam. Perhaps you would like to see something already made up?
She—No, indeed. You don't suppose I would allow my Fido to wear a ready made necktie, do you?—Clothier and Furnisher.



were you. - Lafe.

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